

Jest and Earnest:

Being a Bundle of

Fables, Tales and Whims,

In Verse,

(*Some Old, some New,*)

But all very applicable to the

PRESENT TIMES.

Written by Tom. Teltroth,

Under Discontent in the late Reign,
but now somewhat Recover'd.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1703.



THE P R E F A C E.

AS there are no Difficulties to be Resolv'd in relation to this Collection, the Design being for the Publick Diversion, and easily to be Resolv'd as to the Publick Occurrences they treat of; so I shall wholly forbear either Petitioning for the Reader's Acceptance, or Explaining my Meaning to him in my Choice of Subjects. It's enough to tell him, several of 'em have been well Receiv'd, and pass'd the Review of the best Judges, have been thought tolerable enough for the Press, and have entertain'd many a handsome Gentleman and Lady in their Hours of least Importance.

They were written some time since, and the Tast of the World at their first being made Publick, was relishing enough; how they'll be receiv'd now is not in my Power to divine, but whatever Reception they meet with the Author

Religion was the sole Pretence,
 That made the Rabble rise,
 Religion that had giv'n Offence,
 And Rights and Liberties.

Tho' not a Soul amongst 'em all,
 Could damage Prove, or Harm,
 Their Grievance was so very small,
 'Twas not worth while to Arm.

However Fishes High and Low
 Their jealous Tempers shew'd,
 And join'd a Forreign common Foe,
 Neglectful of the Duty which they ow'd.

Fortune, that does not always side
 With Justice and Desert,
 Favour'd their Insolence and Pride,
 And took the Subjects Part.

As

As in the Monarch's Throne was Plac'd,

A Pike of Nation distant,

And with the Crown his Temples Grac'd,

And King'd the *Fish* Assistant.

As the good *Dolphin* Refuge took;

Amidst a Neighbouring Flood,

And Patrimonial Streams forsook

To save his Subjects Blood.

Touch'd with the moving Scene of Woe,

That pierc'd him to the Soul,

A Fish cry'd out, Can Subjects shew

Such hate when they Allegiance owe,

And act a Deed so Foul.

Dolphins are born to Rule the Seas;

And Govern o're the Deep,

And must they not when Factions please,

Their Rights of Empire keep.

What tho' his Presence he withdraws,

And Lives in Foreign Court,

Heav'n will Espouse his Righteous Cause,

Tho' now he's Fortune's Sport.

Not that he Living shall Regain

The Realms of which he's spoil'd,

But in his Royal Issue Reign,

And live within his Child.

His Children's Children shall Succeed,

While time it self shall last,

And Ages with just Wonder Read,

The Deeds of Ages past.

As Dolphins yet to come shall hold

The Scepter by him held,

Not like him to be Bought and Sold,

Or be like him Expell'd.

The Rides of Empire see

He Spoke, and lo! the bless'd Event,
 Prov'd what he spake was true,
 The *Pike* by Cares and Sickness spent,
 Gave Nature back what Nature lent
 And pay'd the Grave its Due.

When in his stead a *Dolphin* came,
 And Rul'd the Watry Flood,
 A Monarch of a Spotless Fame,
 A Princeess that had Right of Claim
 From all the Ties of Blood.
 For whose long Life the Fishes pray,
 In hopes of future Heirs,
 And to Great Jove their Vows Convey,
 For Answers to their Prayers.

... in the Field and for him. ...
 ... out to a flight on a new Board
 ... and ... and ... and ...
M O R A L.

Since Heaven the Dolphins Family has restor'd
 And giv'n a Sovereign Lady for a Lord,
 A Queen deduc'd from most Illustrious Loins,
 In whom the Father nobly Lives and Shines! A
 No more in Exile, and no more Betray'd,
 By those who shar'd his Love, and shar'd his Aid.
 As his own Subjects, his own Race Esteem'd,
 And give his Daughter, what they took from him.

The Observator.

A Thoughtless *Aff* as e're was seen
 In Meddow, Field or Stable,
 Desir'd to learn an Air and Mien,
 From *Spaniel* that was Sleek and Clean,
 And frisk'd about his Master's Table.

His Parts he thought as bright as were
 The best of the Creation,
 And Intellects enough to spare,
 With Education to compare
 With any Dogs in the Nation.

He saw the *Spaniel* bound and leap,
 When e're his Lord appear'd,

And compliment him with a Skip,
 And lick his Cheeks, and lick his Lip,
 And as he saw it Leer'd.

Thought Animal both wise and sage,
 If this be your Salute,
 I'll do the same I dare engage,
 And any moderate Wager wage,
 I'm as well-bred a Brute.

And took a time when loose and freed,
 He saw his Master come,
 To shew that Shock could not exceed,
 The Manners of his Courtly breed,
 With all his Tricks at home.

And up he rais'd his Lazy Feet,
 And lick'd him o're and o're.

Glad

Glad that th' occasion he could meet,
 To shew how dextrous he could Greet,
 And do what *Shock* had done before.

When to his Slaves the Master cry'd,
Dick, Tom and Harry, come
 Help me to thrash this Rascal's hide,
 That now to Murther me has try'd,
 Let Flogging be his doom.

Woes me! said *Ass* of sober Face,
 I see my vain design,
 The Dog's is quite another case,
 He does the Duties of his Place,
 But his are none of mine.

MORAL.

M O R A L.

If Observations wise Men make,

And seek the Kingdom's good,

And Busie'd for their Country's sake,

Write down what wise Men shou'd.

Must Trifling Fellows Interpose,

And Pen their Nonsense down,

To shew themselves their Country's Foes

And En'mies to the Crown.

Your Tutchin's are the Asses here,

And ought to stand the Flag,

While your Sir Rogers make appear

The Story of the Dog.

~~Rebaptized by the Devil's hand~~

~~And every Sabbath to the Devil's hand~~

~~They'd Tipple at the Devil's hand~~
The Royal Penitent.

~~This Beagle a King gave the Devil's hand~~

THE King of Beasts suspected made,
 To those o're whom he Reign'd,
 And by his nearest Friends betray'd,
 Once on his Death Bed fighing said,
 Thus to great Jove complain'd.

Thou God that Govern'st o're the Wood,
 And o're the Fields dost sway,
 Reward their Evil Deeds with Good,
 And as an Offering take my Blood,
 I most sincerely pray
 And thou, my Cub, to Scepters born,
 Tho' Scepters I have lost,

Behold

Behold thy Father from thee Torn,
 And ev'ry Earthly Scepter scorn,
 They'r Trifles at the most.

That Beast's a King that Passions sways,
 Ambitious Thoughts Subdues,
 Whose Will the Lust of Power Obeys,
 And Reason takes such Means and Ways,
 As Sovereigns should chuse.

E'en let the *Leopard* still Possess
 What is the Lyons Claim,
 Him and his misled Subjects blest,
 And envy him not the Regal Dress,
 That brings such Care and Shame.
 Happless amidst his Grandeur he
 Directs a Treacherous Land,
 And

And they that could be false to me,
 And dearest Infant fly from thee,
 Will never by him Stand.

MORAL.

*Man may devise, but human Skill
 Can't finish what's design'd,
 Till gracious Heaven's permissive Will,
 Allows Occasions to fulfil
 Th' Intentions of our Mind.*

*Time may compleat what Force can't do,
 Or Councils deeply laid,
 However Mortals thoughts Pursue,
 Stratagems both Old and New,
 The Forrest to invade.*

Envy thou not, but with Content,

Wait for the Smiling Hour,

Till Jove that has my Kingdom Rent,

And giv'n it him for Punishment,

Which draws the Curse of Powers.

People may be by Pow'rs oppress'd,

Unwarranted by Law,

And Noll in Regal Purple Dress'd;

Of Charles his Kingdoms be Possess'd,

And the Republick Awe.

But wretched is the Usurper's Fate,

That has no Right from Birth,

Usurpers have the People's hate,

And Living in the Damnd's Estate,

Experience Hell on Earth.

Let B-le continue writing Greek,

And poring out Quotations,

All Writers are not fit to speak,

And Authors may be found too weak,

To settle tott'ring Nations:

Let Men of Kent take heed at last,

And their own welfare prize,

Since those that hurry'd on so fast,

Only to be in Prison cast,

Are neither Rich nor Wise.

Men of true Sense and large Estate,

Should at our Helm preside,

Not C---pers whose narrow Fate,

May make you find when 'tis too late,

You'r Cast before you'r Try'd.

THE

The Conclusion.

A Rise *Britannia* for thy Country's sake,
 And a right Judgment at this Juncture
 When all that's dear, that's lovely, lies at Stake.
 (make,
 Think on thy Sons that long have sav'd this Isle,
 Their Watchful Labour and unwearied Toil.

Ambition Undisguis'd.

A N Eagle sprung from Royal Veins,
 Illustrious by descent,
 Possess'd in chief th' Areal Plains,
 And as his Birth-Right held the Reins,
 Of Kingly Government.

He held 'em with so Mild and Just

A Temperament of Mind,

That none could say he broke his Trust,

Except a Neighb'uring Hawk a Thirst,

To Rule the Feather'd Kind.

And this malicious Babler spread,

Seditious false Reports,

His Subjects from their duty led,

To strike at his devoted Head,

And banish him from Courts.

'Tis not the Crown, said he, I Prize,

Or Scepter that I crave,

A Crown's a Bauble I despise,

A Trifle in a Hero's Eyes,

I Reign in those I save.

Since Virtue is its own Reward,

And goodness still is own'd,

Deserving of the most Regard,

When unambitious unprefer'd,

And great when *Unenthrone'd*.

But he had scarce Possess'd the Field,

Of Battle which he Won,

And seen the pious Monarch yield,

Against the Rights of Kings Expell'd,

And Banish'd from the Throne.

When in an Instant he betray'd,

What 'twas he chiefly wanted,

And proper Ways and Means Essay'd,

To be rewarded for his Aid,

And had his Wishes granted.

A Blaek-Bird saw him on the Throne,

Bedeck'd with Feathers Royal,

And cry'd in a lamenting Tone,

Your Declaration you disown,

Is this your Self-Denial!

W^s

We call'd you not to dispossess

Our Sovereign Lord and Master

But ask'd Assistance in distress,

Assistance which has had success,

And curs'd our late Disaster.

Thou Child the King reputed cry'd,

And Fool beyond Expression,

What Prince would take a Nation's side,

So Fam'd for Ignorance and Pride,

Without a full Possession.

What if I promis'd to refrain

The Scepter now I chuse,

I must with you be very plain,

Hawks have no Consciences to stain,

And Hawks no Prey will lose.

The People have the People caught,

Not knowing my design,

Had

Had I refus'd the Gift I sought,
 Which is accounted as their Fault,
 Had been reputed mine.

M O R A L.

*Thus an Oliver Cromwel may ascend to a Throne,
 And a Common-wealther chief Common-wealths may dis-
 'As he rescues to plunder, and preserves to defraud, (own,
 And our Money runs Currant not at home but abroad.
 But its hop'd the next Prince whom our Crown shall adorn,
 Shall in English-mens safety, in England be born,
 Shall descend from a Land that has Heroes brought forth,
 And being Peopled with Champions and Princes of Worth,
 Since Hawks are the Natives of Country's remote,
 And Eagles alone have a right to our Votes.*

Chaucer's

Chaucer's Whims:

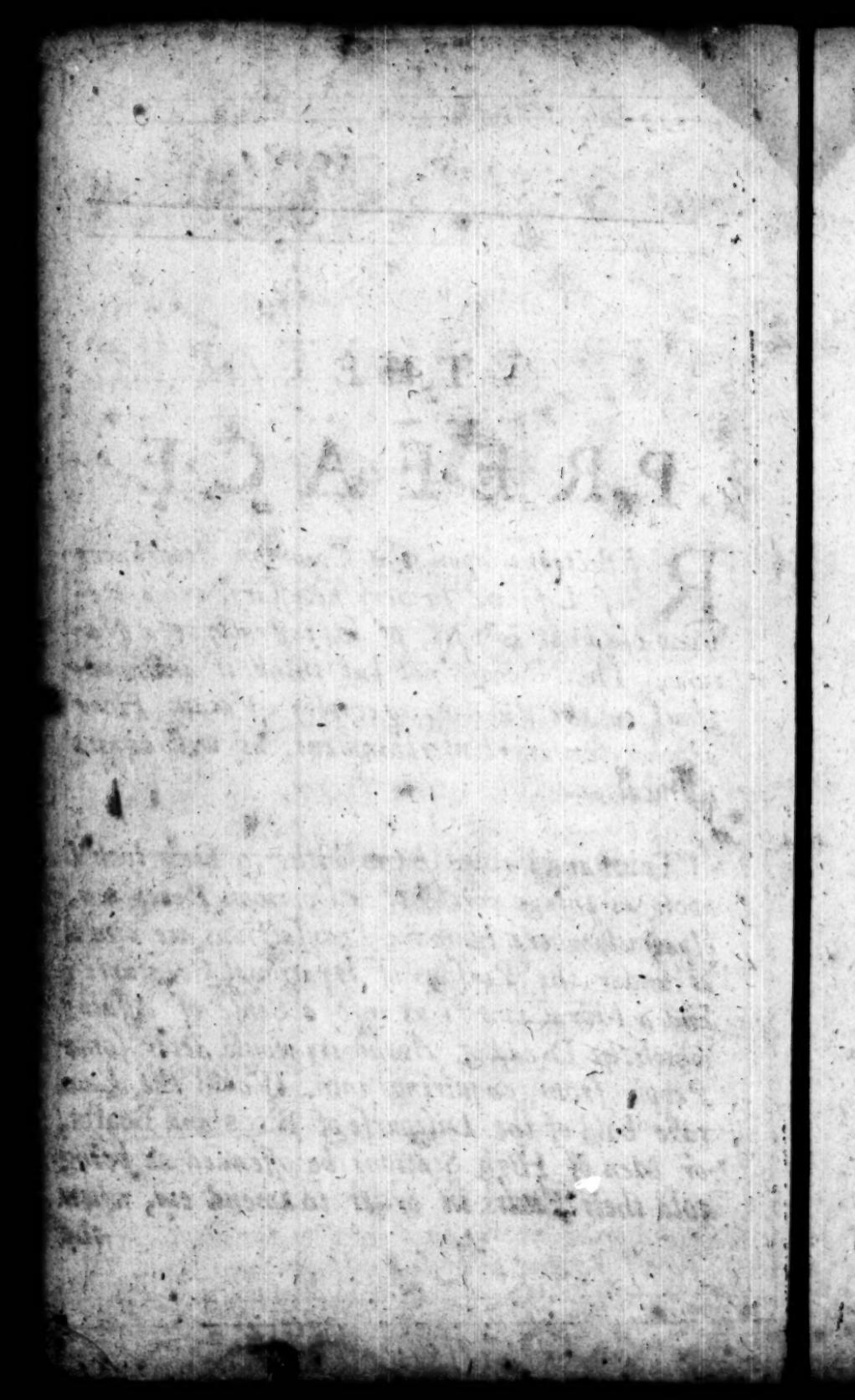
Being some Select
FABLES and TALES
In Verse,

Very Applicable to the
PRESENT TIMES;
Under these following Heads: *Viz.*

The Succession.
The Convocation.
The Non-juring
Clergyman.
Jack of both sides.
The Triumvirate.
Justice Mistaken.
The Ken. Petition.

The True-born-En-
glishman.
Trade and Empire
Inconsistent.
One that Sh—t
in his Hat, &c.
The Musick-Prize.
The Impeachment.

L O N D O N:
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THE P R E F A C E.

Reflections upon the Common Occurrences of Life are so very necessary, and a Review of what is past, of so instructive a Nature, That I could not but think it advantageous to the Publick, to employ a Vacant Hour or two for its Entertainment, as well as its Edification.

Tales and Fables have hitherto been look'd upon as things worthy of a Common Reception, especially where Humane Transactions are aimed at under the Persons of Irrational Creatures; and a Moral directs us into a Sense of Affairs which the Dread of Authority would deter some People from enquiring into, Would the Law take hold of the Discourse of Birds and Beasts, or Men of High Stations be offended at being told their Faults in order to amend 'em, when

the

P R E F A C E.

*The Rebuke is couched under a Diverting Story.
If I have not done Justice to Chaucer, by
putting his Name to Fables and Stories, which
are Collected by another Hand; I have sever-
al Precedents to excuse me, and if I have re-
minded the Reader of some things of Impor-
tance, which otherwise might have escap'd his
Memory, I ought to have his Thanks for the
Design, though I probably may deserve none for
my Failure in some part of the Performance.*

Chaucer.

Chaucer's WHIMS.

The Succession.

IN Times of old, when Beasts were wondrous wise,
 And Birds had thoughtful Heads and piercing
 The first in Consultation gravely sat (Eyes,
 To remedy the Grievances of State,
 And find out Means and Ways, and study laws,
 To serve their Monarch and Assert his Cause.
 The Royal Brute, who then the Scepter sway'd,
 And had possess'd the Forrest for his Aid,
 Well knowing that in Kings it was a Crime,
 To look no farther than their Reigning time,

Sagely propos'd a Successor, for fear
 His Majesty should die without an Heir,
 And his poor helpless Subjects be undone
 By any other Worship than his own.

Please you, my Sovereign Liege, *Don Reynard* cry'd,
 Kings should be Kings, whatever Priest's their Guide,
 And if the Fates decree that you must fall,
 And Childless yield to Death's Imperious Call;
 Oh! may these Realms the Next in Blood obey,
 And let a *Lybian* Prince o're *Lybia* sway ;
 No Foreign Lion mount the Regal Throne,
 To give us Statutes modell'd from his own.

Yonder there lies in the *Namean* Wood,
 A Graceful Cub, and sprung from Royal Blood,
 Immediate in Descent, as some can pove,
 Not Cousin by a third or fourth remove.
 Suppose the Father's Conscience is defil'd,

Where are the Spots that stick upon the Child?

His Soul's unblemish'd, as His Birth is true,

And renders Him a Successor for You.

But, said the King, my Friend, the Laws Ordain,

That only Beasts of *Lybia*'s Faith should reign,

That Orthodoxy through the Forrest range,

And yield to no Religion that is strange.

Nay then, reply'd the *Fox*, it is agreed,

Your Cousin *German Wolf* can ne're succeed;

The Monarchy must die at your Decease,

And from your Life alone does hold its Lease,

Since it must be acknowledg'd as His due,

If His Faith's false, t'others can ne're be true;

And if His Plea that Urges Tyes of Blood,

And Princ'ples more like ours, be not good,

The *Wolf* of course should drop his empty Claim,

And cease Pretensions to the Regal Name,

As he Confess'd his Title too remote,

And own'd the Lion's Birth deserv'd the casting Vote.

(44)
M O R A L.

Fly, fly from Rome, the S—te cry's,

*If you would save your Throats ;
And if you'd be reputed wise,*

*For Luther give your Votes,
When 'tis allow'd both far and near,*

*And known in every Nation,
That no such Persecutors are,*

As Men of that Persuasion.
But H—r design's, it seems

*To turn a Proselyte,
And so perhaps would little J—s,
Had he 3 Crowns in sight.*

*We might have then consider'd first,
Before the Bill was hit on,*

*Which of the Two deserv'd that Trust,
The German or the Briton.*

The

(5)

The Convocation.

THE King of Birds a Senate held,
And Deputies were chose,
Of ev'ry Kind, to take the Field,
Except the Canting Crows.

At this a Black-coat storm'd and swore,
And in an angry Fit,
Publish'd Quotations o're and o're
To prove their right to sit.

When at the last they gain'd the GRACE,
After much Toil and Pains,
That they should also take their Place,
And shew their want of Brains.

But separately from those whose Care,
Was to defend the Nation,
And keep the People of the Air
Secure from Beasts Invasion.

They met, and met again, to find

The Cause that brought 'em thither,
For not a Soul amidst the Kind

Knew why they came together.

Now all they did from day to day,

At this Religious meeting,

Was to kneel down, and gravely pray,

Adjourn, and fall a Eating.

Till Fortune flung 'em a Debate

About the Rights of Kings,

And busied 'em with Affairs of State

Instead of Holy things.

The Sovereign strait was all surprize,

To see the Rebels live,

That durst audaciously despise

His high Prerogative.

And fix'd his Talons with intent

To make a Common Slaughter,

And murther Foes of Government,

That dur'd propose the Matter.

But he recall'd his Rage, and cry'd,

Such Fools as these deserve

All to be punish'd for their Pride,

And without *Livings* starve.

I might indeed Just Vengeance take,

While they my Rights oppose,

But I this Observation make,

An *Eagle's* Birth's above a *Crow's*.

M O R A L.

A Man of any Sense may find

The Moral of this Fable,

And judge the Crows the Sneaking Kind,

That Cringe and Blefs the Table.

And by the Eagle's understood

A Prince that Rules a Nation,

And study's every thing he shou'd,

That's Master of Discretion.

As for the Mutineers, 'tis known,

By every Christian Brother,

The Saints that can one thing do brone,

May fall off from another.

The Non-furing Clergyman.

Cry'd a Jolly fat Parson that could not subscribe,
 Like the rest of the Turn-coat *Levitical* Tribe.
 If I must be turn'd out and my Living sequestred,
 For the sake of my *Conscience*, that else wou'd be fester'd,
 Woe betide the *Subscribers*, their *Children* and *Wives*,
 This Action shall cost 'em five hundred *Folks* Lives.
 An Informer stood by, and took hold of the Sentence,
 Resolving to bring him to Stool of Repentance,
 And immediately dragg'd him to Court, to reveal
 What he *meant* by his *threatning* the good *Commonweal*.
 Old Oliver ask'd him in the *Name of the Lord*,
 To speak the whole *Truth* to the *Saints* at the *Board*.
 When he bluntly reply'd in an unconcern'd strain,
 My *Lords*, I've a *Wife* and a *Child* to maintain,
 And if I'm not suffer'd to Preach and get *Bread*
 By that way of *Life* which I've hitherto led:
 To be plain with your *L^dship*, I muste ne commence *Quack*
 To provide 'em some *Mitnals* and *Cloks* to their back.

Since I with your Covenants and Oaths am perplex'd
 And a Pill can do ten times more Harm than a Text.

M O R A L.

Could English Counsellors advise
 Their Kings, for England's Good;
 And most impartially wise,
 Their Fellow Subject's Welfare prize,
 As good Advisers should.
 They had giv'n Counsel to dispence,
 With Levi's Sacred Race,
 And since to Swear, was in their Sense
 To give Religion an Offence,
 Let each have kept his Place,
 Then had they only preach'd and pray'd,
 And Parish Business done;
 Not taken to another Trade,
 And Libell'd Governments for Bread,
 To overturn the Throne.

Jack of Both Sides.

When *Anthony* against *Cesar* rose,
 And *Romans* were the *Roman* Foes,
 A certain Tradesman to provide
 For his own self, if either side
 Should get the Better, and assume
 The Empire of the World and *Rome*.
 Two *Parrots* taught to stretch their Throats
 To different Sense, and different Notes.
 Long live *Antonius*, this wou'd cry,
 This, let *Augustus* never die,
 Till *Cesar's* Arms Victorious grown,
 Confirm'd and fix'd him in the Throne,
 As the Sage *Man of Art* enjoy'd
 That by one Bird which t'other had destroy'd.

M O R A L.

How many P—s have done the same.

As this poor Man has done!

And tho' he stood by James his Claim,

For William's sent his Son.

Wisely to save what both might lose,

If both should take one side,

And so their Consciences abuse

To gratifie their Pride.

But what is Conscience when Estate

And Titles lie a bleeding?

Shou'd either have the better Fate,

They'r safe by this Proceeding.

The Triumvirate.

A *Leopard chosen to a Throne*
For want of Issue Royal,
A *Stag was sent to make it known,*
And tell him how the Beasts wou'd own
Him King without Denial.

Accordingly to give a hast
Of good true Forrest Breeding,
Brownster summon'd all his hast,
To get Credentials quickly pass'd,
And Equipage exceeding.

Amongst the rest he wisely took
An Ape for his Companion,
With a grave Ass that wrote a Book
And had a Sanctimonious look
With Heart of a Socinian.

And as they jogg'd along the Road
By one anothers side,

A Goat, who thought a sight so odd
 Could to the Beasts no Credit bade,

Made this Complaint and cry'd.

Gould not our Sov'reign Lord have found
 Amidst the Brutal Herd,

Three Beasts of Intellectuals found,

For Probity and Truth renown'd,

• But these must be preferr'd?

The Prince they'r sent to, needs must take

Affront, at what's design'd,

And seeing them, this Judgment make.

A C——d, Deift, and a Rake

Are Chief of all our Kind;

And rather than accept the Crown

Of Kingdoms which is sent him,

Will keep those Lands that are his own,

And range within 'em up and down,

Not take what may repent him.

MORAL.

Any man in his Senses from hence may conclude,

that Ambassadors ought to be wise and be good,

For M—d-like first, cry Whore at their Wives,

or raze it like M—n, and take honest Mens Lives,

Not banter like T—d the Scriptural Writ,

and venture Damnation for appearance of Wit.

such a Loath of true Protestants never was known,

that are gone to Bedfow what is none of their own;

Would the Prince be directed by these Instructors,

No occasion for Teachers, or Chaplains, or Doctors:

The first would advise a Divorce for his Spouse,

and the second give Precepts to govern his House,

is the last play'd his part by debauching his Conscience,

and for honest plain Trimb, taught him Falshood and

(Nonsense.)

Justice

Justice mistaken.

A Dolphin once had an Intent,
 To visit Parts remote,
 And left his w^gatry Government
 To his Officers of Note:
 Who wisely laid their Heads to make
 Advantage of their Place,
 And for their own, not Master's sake,
 Direct the Finny Race.
 When, one amongst the rest that knew
 The sweets of flowing gain,
 And give the very Devil his due,
 Had plundered o're the Main,
 Propos'd a *Shark* to scour about,
 By virtue of Commission,
 And rob the Fishes he found out
 Of whatsoe'er Condition.

The *Shark* for his part Gutted all
 He met within the Ocean,
 And rifled 'em both great and small,
 In answer to his Master's motion.

However, at long Run, the *Thief*
 Was at his Practice caught,
 And sent to Prison with belief,
 His Masters would excuse his Fault.

But they petition'd hard and fast
 The Royal Fish to try him,
 And send him out of the way in hast
 Instead of standing by him.

Woe's me the credulous Prisoner cry'd,
 That I could e're depend,
 Or think a Courtier on my side
 Or Sycophant my Friend.

Thus, the Poor Felon ever fares
 While Thieves of greatness reign,
 The Pleasure and the Profit's theirs.
 But mine's alone the Pain.

M O R A L

Some certain Great People that sit at the stern
 As Directors of State, from this Fable may learn,
 That it squints at a bus'ness that feign would be bid,
 And the Shark's the resemblance of poor Cpt. K—d
 Whom the Dolphin's Chief Fav'rites point at, may be known,
 If by other Folks Actions they examine their own,
 All I say to the Matter is that it's a Crime
 Four caught in one Theft are not hang'd at a time,

The Kentish Petitioners.

THE Chief of the Brutes were all met to prevent
 Any danger from sudden Invasion,
 As the Woods and the Fields Representatives send
 To consult for the good of the Nation (Rat,
 When the Boars and the Wolves, and the Beasts of prey
 Gave their Votes to give Neighbours Affronts,
 And wisely resolv'd without any Debate,

To keep off the War at a distance. (Words
 Since their En'mies that were, had all given 'em their
 That Hostilities ever should cease,
 And nothing seem'd covet'd more by the Birds
 Than the joys of strict Friendship and Peace.
 But a parcel of idle, blind, ignorant Moles
 Whose Sculls were as dark as their Sight,
 Would needs give their *Judgment*, and creep'd from their
 And cry'd to the Fight, to the Fight. (Holes
 Else the Nation's undone, and all *Commerce and Trade*,
 Is eternally ruin'd of course,
 Then Sirs its our thought there's no more to be said
 But to open our Hearts and our Purse.
 A Fig for Addresses, when Bills of Supplies
 Are the only things proper to save us,
 Since a Person that either has Brains or has Eyes,
 May foresee that the Birds would enslave us.

Wherefore 'tis but fitting that we that have made you,
 The Dons of the Land that you are, (you,
 Should come from our Homes to advise and upbraid
 For not speaking up for a War.

Hey day cry'd a Mastiff a Member of note,

By my Soul it is worth Observation,

To see how these Sots that are not worth a Groat,

Would Beggar the rest of the Nation.

The People 'tis true made us Chiefs by their voice,

But does that make the People above us,

Who'r entitl'd their Masters from their own ~~Art~~ and

As Electors themselves must approve us? (choice,

Away with the Scoundrel Advisers to Prison

That of Enmity stir up the Coals,

For believe me 'tis nothing but Justice and Reason

That Darkness is chosen for Moles.

MO

M O R A L.

Five WISEMEN of Kent are design'd by this story
 To lay down the Sin of Imprudence before ye,
 They gravely sat up for Political Creatures, (vers,
 And prescrib'd ways and means and Advise for their Bet-
 When 'twas found by th' Event, and succeeding Disasters,
 Those men they call Servants were too hard for their Masters,
 And there lies a strong Place not far from the Stadt-House,
 Which has Medicines for Madmen and Fools, call'd the
 (Gate-house.

The True-born Englishman.

A Dispute once arose twixt an *Ass* and a *Mule*,
 Who deserv'd the right hand, and was fittest to
 rule.

Said the first, the Precedence from birth-right I claim,
 Since my Fathers and Mothers Descent is the same.

And

And I'm sprung from the Loys of a worshipful Pair,
 That can witness my title to be lawful and fair ;
 As from beasts of one Species they'll prove me brought
 [forth,

Not a mixture of Creatures to lessen my worth.

When thou a poor Devil as ever was born,
 Art the jest of the Fields, and the Forrester's scorn ;
 From deriving thy birth from a couple of Brutes,
 Whose name, nor whose nature with each other suits.
 As the Horse's blood renders ignoble thy Race,
 And takes off from the Fame got by that of the *A/s*.
 Prithee Friend, cry'd the *Mule* ; hold thy insolent
 [tongue,

Thou'rt a Fool, not to find out thy self in the wrong.
 The plea thou mak'st use of, confounds thee of course,
 Since an *A/s* 'tis well known, must give place to a
 [Horse,

And it's more to my Credit, to be so near allied,
 To a Beast that has honour and birth of his side,
 Than that both my Parents should have been of thy
 [kind,

And bequeath'd me nor Beauties of Body nor Mind.

MORAL.

Look on this Land that makes her boast,

A certain Author cryes;

Her Sons are Mongrels at the most,

Whom none for Birth can prize.

Saxons and Danes, and Normans won

This Kingdom by the Sword,

And every English Mother's Son's

A Bastard on his Word.

When by their Conquests we became

A wise and powerful Nation;

And learn'd from them the search of Fame;

And Methods of Discretion.

Else had we still continued rude,

And of unpolisb'd Natures,

Had not their Arts our Ignorance subdu'd,

And Union made us Nobler Creatures.

Trade and Empire inconsistent.

AS *Cesar* stood upon the Strand,
To take the Morning Air,

He saw a Ship make towards Land,

All beautiful and fair:

Her bulk and stateliness of frame,

Soon made His Majesty

Ask whence the lovely Vessel came,

That thus adorn'd the Sea ?

Answer was made, his Queen alone

Was Mistress of her Lading ;

That Ship and Rigging was her own,

On the account of Trading.

The King could not his anger hide,

Or just Resentments masque,

But homewards went, and took his Bride

After this way to task.

Prithee my Dear, observe and see
 The poorness of my State ;
 And to what infamous degree
 I'm brought from Regal height.

I thought my self a Sovereign King,
 Once o'er the World obey'd,
 But now I find I'm no such thing.
 But a *Muck-worm of Trade.*

For shame, let Royal blood disdain
 A Calling that's so mean,
 That I once more o'er *Rome* may *Reign*,
 And you be call'd a *Queen.*

M O R A L.

To see a Royal Name set down
 Amidst Subscribers Books,
 Does no great Honour to a Crown,
 But derogates from its Renown ;

And

And like Stock-jobbing looks
 For Kings are of a Stamp Divine,
 And God's own Image bear ;
 Nor should they with their Subjects joyn
 In Tricking, Shuffling, and Design,
 Their Rights should never interfere.
 Let then a certain Prince pursue
 The Traits of Cæsar's Fame,
 And be contented with his due,
 Without a Venture to Peru,
 Or Three per Cent at Am—dmi.

One that Sh---t in his Hat,
 and afterwards put it upon
 his Head.

IN Old King Alfred's happy Reign,
 When Subjects liv'd at ease ;
 And Men were suffer'd to be plain,
 And to the Women told their pain,

And ask'd what e'er they pleas'd.
 A certain Knight that had a tongue
 Most prevalently sweet,
 With something else much better hung,
 Address'd a Lady that had long
 Been knawing Nuptial Sheet.
 Her Sleepy Spouse had little done,
 That *Hymen's* Laws enjoyn'd,
 And though he had her body won,
 Neither a Daughter or a Son
 Was born to win her mind.
 Madam, said he, the Joys of Life
 Can ne'er attend a *Bride*,
 When so divine and fair a Wife,
 For whom the Gods would be at strife,
 Has such a Log by her side.
 Could I but hope, (but hopes are vain,
 Where Merit does not plead,)
 So bright an *Angel* to obtain,
 And the desir'd Possession gain.

I could no blessing need.

I surely should make better use

Of Fortunes *GRACE* and Favour,

And since the Goddess was profuse

In giving, not a moment lose

To oblige her in behaviour.

There wanted nothing to perfwade

The fair one to be won;

In vain, she summon'd to her aid

The Vows she at the *Altar* made,

He spoke, and soon the Deed was done.

Which made her injur'd Husband try

Fit Methods to get rid

Of one whose Conscience could defic

The Laws and *Sacerdotal* tye;

And stain the Marriage bed.

Accordingly with much a-doe,

He got him a Divorce,
 And left his Consort to pursue
 The Measures which she had in view;
 And take her wonted course.

When in some time Sir Knight was gain'd,
 To do the very same
 Her Husband did whose bed was stain'd,
 And was with her in Wedlock chain'd
 To his immortal shame.

At sight of which a stander by
 Thus lifted up his Voice,
 Sir J ——n, I wish you mighty Joy,
 And in my Lady M —y, I
 Congratulate your Choice.

But know that it's as clear as day,
 And obvious to the sight,
 That she that could a D — e betray,
 And shew a mighty P — r false Play,
 Won't stick to abuse a K — t.

The MUSICK Prize.

A Crafty Mouse as ever made
 A hole within a Cheese.
 For fear his Brethren should upbraid
 His Practice in the thieving Trade,
 And ill got Granaries,
 Gave out that any Beast i'th' Field,
 Of whatsoe'er regard,
 That was the most harmonious held,
 And in the choice of Notes excell'd,
 Should have a great Reward.
 The Project took as he design'd,
 And went down with the Crowd,
 And e'ry Creature prais'd a Mind
 So large, and bountifully kind,

And so profusely good.

The Bulls and Bears, and Dogs agreed,

With all the deep Mouth'd Race,

To try who would the rest exceed,

And what distinguish'd Tuneful Breed

Would have the Conquerors place.

But when they saw an Ass was made

The Judge of the Dispute,

And the decisive power laid

Within the Breast of one who bray'd,

And was an inharmonious Brute.

Homeward the prudent Creatures came,

Disdainful of the Choice;

And would not trust their Noble Fame

With Animal of such a Name,

And such unskilful Voice.

However,

However, there were some, whose Eyes

Quite dazzled at the sight,

O'er-look'd the Judge to view the Prize,

That gave imaginary Joys,

And fix'd 'em in delight.

Amongst the rest a pert Baboon

Would needs presume to shew

How well he could strike up a Tune,

Which made the Judge of fam'd Renown,

Proclaim the Prize his due.

Ay, said his Lordship, these are Notes

That well deserve our Praise;

Who can refuse that Voice their Votes,

That spight of all its Rivals Throats,

Must carry off the Bays.

'Tis no strange thing a *Bull* reply'd,

That such a Sentence passes,

And Merit has no Patrons on its side,

Where Advocates for *Apes* preside,

And those that Judge are *Asses*,

MORAL.

Let Purcel not think he falls short of our Praise

Because that young Welldone is crown'd with the Bay's;

Nor Eccles (though certain his usage is hard,

When a Younker in Musick's carress'd and preferr'd)

Believe that his Merit's a tittle the less,

Because some great Dons have been out in their guess;

But observe, the return to their pains and their cares,

Should be reckon'd the fault of their Judges, not Theirs.

The

The Impeachment.

A Fierce wildBoar that had Transgress'd,
 And was a *Felon* of a Beast,
 Once stood Accus'd of having done
 Things that were hurtful to the Throne ;
 And detrimental to the Good
 Of Subjects, sprung from Free-born Blood,
 And Time was fix'd, and Place prepar'd,
 To have his Accusations heard ;
 And see what sort of a Defence,
 Could be produc'd for Violence. }
 The Court was late, and Matters laid,
 As open as they could be made ;
 And Beast Impeach'd, with all his Art
 Play'd the Defendant's subtile part ;
 Pleaded as if 'twas not agreed
 Before-hand, that he should be freed ;

And Judge, and Criminal were known
 Ere to be of more minds than one.
 Yet though the Case was very clear,
 And Articles Attested were,
 To prove him in a certain Station,
 Guilty of Male-Administration ;
 The Boars (for they were Jury) brought
 Their Brother in *without a Fault.*
 And undeserving Gaol or Fine,
 For any Trespass or Design.
 Thus it falls out, a Greyhound cry'd,
 And Justice is mistaken,
 When Criminal Boors by Boors are Try'd,
 They're sure to save their Bacon.
 Statesmen will wink at Statesmens Crimes,
~~But~~ *To be wink'd at themselves,*

When they set up to Cheat the Times,

And cast us upon Dangers Shelves.

Wherefore let other Means be chose,

And Methods more severe,

What don't avail we Vote 'em Foes,

If P——rs must Judge a P——r

F I N I S. ;